

The History of

Fals. I would it were bed-time, *Hall*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter. Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then, can Honour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgery then? no: what is Honour? a word: what is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis insensible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not live with the living? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore 't is none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Enter Worcester, and sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know; *Sir Richard,* The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'T were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone,

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in loving us,
He will suspect us still, and find a time,
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our lives, shall be sticke full of eyes.
For reason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who never so tame, so cherisht, and lockt up,
Will have a wilde trick of his ancestors:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily:
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feed like Oxen at stall,
The better cherisht, still the neerer death.
My Nephews trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of priviledge.
A haire-braind *Hotspur* governd by a spleene,
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from us,

We

Henry

We as the spring of all, shall
Therefore good Cousin, let no
In any case, the offer of the

Ver. Deliver what you will

Hot. My Uncle is return'd
Deliver up my Lord of *West-*
Uncle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you

Dow. Defie him by the Lord

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you

Dow. Mary and shall very

Wor. There is no seeming

Hot. Did you beg any?

Wor. I told him gently of

Of his oath-breaking: which

By now forswearing that, he

He calls us Rebels, Traytors,

With haughty armes, this hat

Dow. Arme, Gentlemen, to

A brave defiance in King *Hen-*

And *Westmerland* that was

Which cannot chuse but bri

Wor. The Prince of *Wales*

And Nephew, challeng'd you

Hot. O, would the quarrel

And that no man might dra

But I and *Harry Monmouth*

How shewed his talking:

Ver. No, by my soule, I ne

Did heare a Challenge urg

Unlesse a Brother should a

To gentle exercise and pro

He gave you all the duties

Trim'd up your praises wi

Spoke your deservings like

Making you ever better the

By still dispraising praise, v

And which became him lik